

Submission Watch

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The heroes of Overwatch are living their lives after the organization has shut down. But sinister forces are still at work. Powers that be don't intend on allowing these former soldiers to live peacefully, and it seems that certain villains fully intend to exploit them for their own personal pleasure.

Categories: BDSM, Submission, Group, Threesome and some vanilla thrown in for shits and giggles.

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1 - Zarya & Brigitte

Akande

Defeat was an inevitability, a truth that Akande could never escape. Instead, he embraced it in its entirety. Defeat would only lead one to be stronger. But, as any general can tell you, a military may learn from its failures more than its successes, it still needs to be victorious when the time matters. This was Akande's second truth. With these ideals in mind, he would never punish a failure. After all, there was little point in reprimanding someone for becoming stronger.

However, there were exceptions to every rule, even his own. And Talon was nothing else if it wasn't an army. And an army needed to win eventually. So when he had heard of the reports of Reaper's squads recent failure at Volskaya Industries, he was far from pleased. In fact, he had a feeling he knew the exact reason they had failed in their assassination. Their newest spy.

He was on the tarmac, awaiting the return of the ship that was carrying the squad back to the base. All around him, the flight crew went about their work, readying for their arrival. The speed and precision in which they worked spoke of the deep resources that the agency had. Almost all of Talon's operatives were former military, veterans of the Omnic Crisis put out of work by the war's end. And Talon spared no expense to obtain them, offering them more than just money, but also a purpose.

"They're landing now, sir," the traffic controller said, speaking to Akande through his ear piece. Despite being one of the leaders of Talon, Akande himself was not dressed the part. While most of the crew worked in a standard black and white uniform, he wore his trademark pants and little else. The doomfist gauntlet, for which he had been so aptly named after, was safely stored away in his private quarters. His otherwise shirtless body, built up with muscles from years of training, was only covered partially by the less obnoxious prosthetic he often wore when combat was not required.

"Good," he answered, holding a finger up to his ear to ensure the ear piece functioned properly. "As soon as they land, have the crew clear out. I don't want them anywhere where they are visible." He spoke with a thick african accent, slurring his words ever so slightly with the rolls of his tongue. His voice only seemed to add his command, not detracting from it, adding to him a sense of foreign elitism that came with someone as well traversed as himself.

"Understood sir," the controller answered, following his command without question.

Sure enough, the Talon air ship appeared in the sky above him, its cloaking device being deactivated upon its safe return. Not that it really needed it, the night sky seemed like camouflage enough for the jet black plane. The only way Akande could see it at all, was because of the lights on the runway that lit up its underbelly. And while the wind roared around him, warmed and blown by the ship's engines, he stood completely still and unflinching. A mountain would never allow itself to bow to the wind.

Once the ship had landed, the back door slowly lowered, opening up the interior to the crisp night air.

“I’m telling you,” a voice from inside said, now only audible thanks to the engines powering down and quieting. “Doomfist isn’t going to care that we couldn’t kill Katya. That pandejo is always droning on about how, ‘defeat makes us stronger.’”

By now, Akande could clearly see Sombra, as her Reaper, and Widowmaker walked down the ramp of the ship. The later two seemed greatly irritated by her incessant chatter, their body language told him that much. Not to mention Widow’s squinting and furrowed brow. He could also see how Sombra was talking, using her hands to visibly show the quote she associated with Akande and lowering her voice as if to mock him. What she didn’t plan was that he would be there waiting for them, for upon finally making eye contact with the latina woman, her face grew darker.

“Oh,” she stammered, waving her hand at him in her normal fashion, her fingers following each other in a wave pattern until her palm was clenched. It was one of her many eccentric personality traits, something that was tolerated given her incredible skill with computers and hacking. “Hola, Doomfist.”

Akande did nothing but glare at her, his height giving him an undeniable intimidation against even her normally cheeky self.

“Reaper,” he said, never looking away from where Sombra had stopped in place. “Report for a debriefing with the Council immediately. And bring Dr. O’Deorain with you.”

“Yes, boss,” the black clad man said, in his usual broody tone. As Reaper passed him, with Widowmaker in tow, the pair never looked up or acknowledged his presence. They were above any form of discipline Akande could give, and he knew neither would truly need it. This child on the other hand, would require such punishment.

“I shall see meet you in your quarters then, chéri,” she said, only look forward as she passed by Akande herself. Despite the fact that neither made eye contact, both knew who her words were for. More so by the fact that it was not a question, but merely a statement confirming what they already knew.

“Yes,” Akande answered, still staring down Sombra. “And wear the red dress.”

“Oui.”

“As for you,” Akande started, stepping forwards towards the woman. “Do you truly believe I would have no idea.” He could tell his words set her off, her otherwise obnoxious behavior was nowhere to be seen. “That I was too stupid to figure out your true plan.”

“Why, Doomy,” she chided, her shaking voice betraying the confidence she tried to display in her words. “I have no idea what you’re talking about. I tried my hardest, honest. You can even ask Gabe…”

“I do not want to hear your lies, woman!” he shouted, cutting off her words mid sentence. By now he was within arms reach of her, his figure blocking the artificial lights of the airfield and casting her in his shadow. She had physically shrunken from him. Her hands just below her chin with her arms close together was a sign that she was trying to make herself appear as small and unthreatening as possible. Though Akande could not tell if her meekness was a subconscious reaction, or an intentional strategy to

distract him. It didn't matter, he would proceed accordingly.

With his robotic hand, he quickly moved and grabbed her neck, holding her in place firmly and restricting her airflow just enough to slow her breath. The machine that made up his arm and hand was so fine and delicate, that it would be nearly impossible to tell it apart from the arm he had been born with. Even still, it was strong enough to crush her windpipe easily, and he wanted her to know that.

"Ah," she gasped, though more calmly than he expected. "About time things got interesting. How did you know I liked it rough? Doomy, have you been reading my diary?"

Finally, Akande had reached the limit of her apparent bravado. Using his immense strength, he lifted the woman off of her feet, carrying her by the neck. Sombra struggled slightly in his grasp, using her own arms to pull herself up and lower the pressure on her neck. They grabbed onto Akande's wrist, but it did little to loosen his grip.

Walking back into the ship, he pressed her against one of the walls, slamming the rest of her breath right out of her. He loosened his grip slightly, allowing the woman a small chance to breathe and recompose herself, but he never fully let go. Even in his anger, he had no real intention of harming her. This was only meant to teach her a lesson.

"Fine," he commanded, speaking in a low whisper. "You want to play rough, I can play rough. Normally I would save some for play for Amélie, but for you I'll make an exception."

She looked up at him now, making eye contact for the first time since he had pinned her. Her purple eyes blinked at his black ones, but they didn't convey any fear. Instead he saw something else, something all too familiar.

"Don't tempt a chica with a good time," she said back, winking at him and licking her lips.

"Don't say I didn't warn you."

With that, Akande reached his human hand under the leather skirt of the hacker, reaching right for the crotch of her purple leggings. The thin fabric was little resistance for him, and he easily ripped it apart, allowing his fingers easy access to her now unprotected cunt. He did all of this without ever looking down, his eyes totally focused on hers, as if both were staring down the other to see who would blink.

And as fate would have it, she was the one to blink first. The second Akande's finger pressed against her pussy lips, her lip started to quiver. When he parted her flesh, using his pointer and ring finger to hold the folds to the side, and used his middle finger to search around for clit, her demeanor changed entirely. It was like molding putty in his hand.

"Hmph," he muttered, "you're all talk. Here I was thinking this would be a challenge."

"Yeah well," she stammered, now her voice breaking for other reasons. "Long as we both get what we want."

"And what is that you want, Sombra?" he asked, now increasing the pace at which he flicked at her clit.

“I wouldn’t mind cuming for starters.”

“And who said I was going to let you do that?”

At his response, he could see her visibly groan, her whimper growing increasingly desperate as her eyes closed in desperation. “Don’t tell me you’re one of those types that likes to control everything.”

He could feel his own mouth grow into a devilish smile. “Rewards are meant to be earned. Victory can not be gained without first knowing the sting of defeat.”

“Yeah yeah,” Sombra mocked, now opening her eyes again to look at him. “What do I have to do to earn this?”

Her question prompted a response, but Akande didn’t intend to give it verbally. Instead he moved his middle finger from her clit, to her hole, inserting it slowly. He could feel her warm moist walls stretch at his digit. She was unusually tight, a feature that actually caused some excitement from the otherwise resigned man. This opportunity might turn into more than just a punishment for her after all.

As soon as he had inserted himself, Sombra’s mouth opened wide as she moaned. He didn’t allow her much time to fully acclimate him, as he quickly slipped in his ring finger as well, using both now to push and pull into her, fucking her with her fingers. In response, she reached one hand up to grab the wrist of the arm still choking her, while her other hand reached down between her legs to encourage his movement.

“I have a task for you,” Akande said, finally ready to issue his demand. “Your actions today have already brought us trouble. Katya has already recalled one of her dogs to track you down. I want you to go to Germany and intercept her.”

Sombra’s response was less than poised. Her breathing had quickened as she leaned into Akande’s arms, forcing her body against his. Even though he remained in complete control, it still seemed like she was attempting to use him instead of the other way around.

“Whatever you say boss,” she muttered, her voice barely recognizable between the desperate pants she took. “May I cum now?”

As soon as she asked the question, Akande pulled his fingers out of her, leaving her hips twerking against nothing but the metal wall behind her. Desperate, she opened her eyes and looked up at him, a pout already forming on her lips.

“Do as I request, and you shall be justly rewarded,” he said, reaching down still to grab her hand with his own. Guiding it, he pressed her fingers against his own crotch, letting her feel up and down the interior of his pants. He could tell by the widening of her eyes that she knew what he meant, and he knew the massive bulge in his pants would both panic and excite her.

“For that, whatever you want.”

Aleksandra

The Fatherland, was not Zarya's ideal place for a vacation. It was warm, crowded, and the people were far too friendly for her liking. And while alcohol was aplenty, the German beer was nothing compared to the hard and rough vodka of her home country. Yet this is where she had been assigned for the past six months, stuck with a Russian envoy for the German military doing joint exercises. Work did not make her time any more enjoyable.

Despite this, Aleksandra could do nothing if not try and make the best of her situation. On her time off, she would often explore the locale town, wondering into bars and challenging any man she could to an arm wrestle. She won every time, and hurt a many men's pride. But that was nothing a free stout of beer could not overcome. They would drink and make merry, a custom that at least remained the same from her own culture.

And it seemed once again that would be how she would spend her evening, though there were worst nights to be had. A small bar in a quiet German hamlet was nothing to really complain about. And a bar filled with laughter of soldiers and hard workers at the end of shift, a change in accents and she could swear it was home.

"Sie ist eine gute Trinkerin," one of the Germans shouted, as another round of applause and laughter was held.

"Da," she responded, dropping her stout on the bar she sat at. "Please, in English. I do not understand your harsh language."

A voice behind her responded, though this one she did not recognize from the regular patrons that had been cheering earlier. "He said, 'She is a good drinker.' I for one am inclined to agree."

Confused, Zarya spun around in her bar stool, trying to find the owner of the voice. Once she managed regain her focus, the spin and alcohol caused an unusual dizziness about her, a familiar face was awaiting her.

"Reinhardt!" she shouted, jumping up as soon as she recognized him. The man was older than almost everyone in the bar, larger too, standing almost a foot taller than Zarya's impressive stature. "Bless my babushka it really is you!"

"Aha, Zarya you look as lovely as ever," he exclaimed, extending his muscular arms to beckon her in for a hug. One in which she gladly accepted, wrapping her arms around his waist and squeezing tightly. Leveraging herself, she lifted the older man up off the floor, using her back to pick him up just a few inches.

"Come, sit. We must drink," she said, pushing herself away now and clearing the stool next to her. "I barely recognized you without your armor!" Instead of his set of crusader armor, Reinhardt wore only a loose fitting tank top and brown trousers, both of which were filthy and covered in grease. Not that she could judge too harshly, as her own clothes were covered in a fair layer of grime. Though she at least

looked more ready to go out. Her pants were a nicer pair of jeans with a white undershirt tucked in. She also had a plaid button up shirt covering herself, which hung loosely from her arms like a jacket, her large breast made tightening the thing damn near impossible.

“Yes well, a pub is not the place to be ready for battle,” he said, turning to the bartender to order himself a beer.

“You should see the bars in my country,” Zarya joked, punching him lightly on the shoulder to emphasize her own point.

“What takes you away from Russia? I hear Siberia is lovely this time of winter?” By now both of their attentions had turned back to their drinks, with each one leaning over the bar to chug the beers in front of them.

“Da, damn political nonsense,” she said, giving off an exasperated sigh. “Your country and my country want to make friends, so they send us here to play war.”

“Good for you, gives you the chance to drink some real beer. Not that cheap Russian crap,” Reinhardt said, lifting the large mug in his hand and sending the remaining beer down his throat in a swift motion. This was obviously not his first time drinking.

Rolling her eyes, Zarya avoided the obvious bait, instead attempting to figure out how her old friend had found her here. “What are you doing here? Last I heard you were in America looking for that Reaper.”

“Ah, alas. I missed the warm comfort of home. That and my squire needed to return home to better maintain my armor.”

“Squire?” Zarya asked, now looking away from her drink and towards the older man.

“Oh, yes. Torbjorn’s daughter, Brigitte. Here she comes now,” he said, motioning towards the front of the bar.

Turning her gaze to where Reinhardt had pointed out, Zarya saw a well built woman walk through the door. Certainly she was not larger than herself, but this apparent squire was no pushover either. She wore a used t shirt, covered by a dirty pair of red overalls that only had one strap wrapped around her shoulder. Her hair was long and with a light chestnut brown color, a naturally beautiful color that Zarya would have gladly traded her dyed pink hair for. Even though her face was covered in grease, she still had a sort of beauty that the dirt only seemed to accentuate, as if the black soot on her cheeks brought out the deep brown in her eyes. In short, she was absolutely gorgeous.

“Bradgett?” Zarya asked, struggling with the strange name made harder to pronounce with her thick russian accent.

“Brigitte,” the woman corrected, having now stepped close enough to the pair. She stood in between Zarya and Reinhardt, obviously unsure of who the former even us. “Care to introduce me?”

“Brigitte,” Reinhardt started, swinging an arm around in an eccentric manner to point at Zarya. “This is

Aleksandra Zaryanova, the best thing to come out of Russia since the fall of the Soviet Union.” Despite the fact that her attention was otherwise focused on Brigitte, Zarya shot Rein a dirty look, not too keen at his particular form of bravado.

“Alexah...” Brigitte started, facing a similar struggle that Zarya had just endured.

“Zarya will do nicely,” she said, smiling at her. “And it is a most welcome pleasure to meet you.”

“And you as well,” the squire answered politely. She seemed somewhat meek, a bit timid and young to be hanging around someone so old and grizzled as Reinhardt. But just as Zarya was about to write her off as nothing more than a sidekick, she was forced to do a double take. It might have been the beer slowing her mind, or the fact that she hadn’t gotten laid since being to Germany, but she could have sworn she saw Brigitte look her over. Checking out Zarya’s body with an unusual amount of interest. “Reinhardt,” she started, now looking towards the man. “Your armor’s fixed and already to go.”

Again, Zarya watched the smaller woman with interest. This time she was sure she saw Brigitte wink at him, nodding her head in Zarya’s direction at the same time. It was as if she was trying to pass along some message she didn’t want her to hear, a secret that was now digging at the back of the Russian’s mind.

“Yes well, perhaps we’d better turn in for the night,” Reinhardt answered, his tone changing ever so slightly. Though how exactly Zarya couldn’t tell. “We have a room rented upstairs, you are more than welcomed to join us for a bit, Zarya.”

“I could not impose on you like that,” she started, fully intending to remain somewhat polite.

“Oh it’s no imposition at all,” Brigitte chimed, her voice squeaking ever so slightly in excitement. “Honestly, he gets so boring after a while.”

Arching an eyebrow, Zarya looked between the two with curiosity, unable to discern their exact intention. A voice in the back of her mind told her something different, something completely absurd in fact. It said she knew exactly what she was about to be getting into.

“Da, why not!”

Brigitte

As soon as she had spotted the pink haired beauty from across the bar, Brigitte knew she wanted her. It could of been the fact that she was incredibly ripped for a woman, even more so than she was. The kind of muscle girl that sent her fantasies wild. Though she never imagined she’d actually get the change to live them, in fact she may have never worked up the courage to talk to her to begin with if Reinhardt hadn’t known her and already been deep into conversation.

Now here she was, in a rented room above a bar watching as the thick woman rode the massive cock of her mentor and occasional sexual partner. Getting her upstairs was the difficult part, apparently, as the

second she was within the privacy of their room, she immediately jumped into Reinhardt's arms. It didn't take long before the two were making out and stripping each other, and a second later she had pushed him onto the bed and inserted his dick without a second thought.

It had all happened so fast that Brigitte barely had time to react, she had just managed to get a boot off by the time she realized what was happening. They were obviously more practiced than she was, but that didn't mean she would be content with sitting on the side. Quickly, she stripped out of the rest of her clothes, throwing them into the pile the other two had started. Practically bouncing, the burnnetted hurried to the bed, eagerly licking lips at the sight of the other two.

"Ah, I see the curtain matches the drapes," she said, a bit more confidently than she felt. Zarya only had a small amount of pubic hair above the lips of her vulva, but it was just as pink as the hair on her head.

"Da," she said, looking down over Brigitte as she leaned over the bed and Reinhardt's body. "Never good luck to do one without the other."

"I'm sure that rule applies to many things," Reinhardt shouted, an obvious strain in his voice. "Brigitte, get on then and join us."

Not having to be told twice, the smaller woman eagerly climbed on top of Rein, resting her knees on his chest and shoulders. She positioned herself so that her own crotch was just over his face, an obvious invitation for him to take. Almost immediately, his hands moved from Zarya's thighs to her own, wrapping his powerful arms around her legs to better hold her. As soon as she was within his grasp, his tongue delved into her awaiting cunt, finding itself neatly towards her clit.

The pleasure was almost too much, and Brigitte was forced to lean over, catching herself on Rein's stomach. With her body now at an angle, she was just close enough to Zarya that the older woman could easily take advantage. Moving ever so slightly, Zarya pressed Brigitte's face into her breast, using her own hands to jiggle them around her cheeks.

"She is a cute one, Rein," she said, looking down on Brigitte's eyes as she looked up through the flesh that surrounded her view. "Now I know why you keep her around."

Her mentor was only able to respond with a muffled voice, the vibration of his speaking only seemed to send new sensations through Brigitte's body. A gasp of pleasure escaped her lips, only to be muffled in turn by Zarya's large tits. Regaining control slightly, Brigitte pushed herself upright, now using her better leverage to grind against Reinhardt's face. From here she had a much better view of Zarya, who still pushed her tits together for both of their amusement.

"Like what you see?" she teased, now beginning to move herself up and down.

"Very much, yes," Brigitte stammered, unable to control her own emotions.

"Good," she purred back, moving one hand off of her tit now. Before Brigitte realized what was happening she quickly found Zarya's fingers exploring their way between her own thigh, forcing away Rein's tongue. Though it didn't stay gone for long, as she quickly felt him licking around her anus,

probing it ever so slightly as if to tease her beggin asshole. He knew she liked anal, and it seemed he was using that to his advantage.

Yet she was forced to focus back on the woman in front of her, as she soon found her fingers fondling deep inside of her cunt, her own wetness easily allowing them to slide in. With her free hand, Zarya started to message one of Brigitte's breast. They weren't as large as her impressive Ds, but they were still sizable and perky enough to please just about anyone.

Unsure of where else to stare, Brigitte looked up at her new found crush, staring at the gaze of her beautiful blue eyes. They seemed to melt into her, causing another flood of arousal and emotions she struggled to control.

"This will be fun," she purred, her accent alone being enough to turn Brigitte into putty for her to play with.

AN: Yeah I was gonna do an overwatch fic eventually. And fuck it I'm actually pretty proud of this one. Like my other stories I'll add to it overtime. I never like to stop a good thing. And I really liked the challenge that OW as a universe presented. I had to look up four different languages to make sure I got the characters right. I really do want to preserve some of their actual character traits in here and I think I managed to do that really well. Look guys I never toot my own horn, I legit think I'm fucking awful at this but I'm pretty proud of this one.

If you're new to my work this is pretty much what you can expect. Lot of kinky sex in much the same writing as this. I really wanted to start this story with Zarya and Brigitte, as one they're both hot af and I don't feel like anyone really does Zarya on this site unless she's going futa. I don't personally like that so here we are.

Also, just so you know. I place a series of author notes under most of my chapters or stories. These are mostly just my own internal ramblings and you can pay them no mind at all. I do occasionally explain certain things at the start of chapters that require, but that shouldn't really occur for this story. Hopefully ya'll enjoy.

As always, thanks for reading.

-DISCLAIMER

I feel like this needs to be said, but at no point is this to be taken literally as a means of how one should approach sex or women in general. Or even men for that matter. This is purely fictional and intended for entertainment purposes only. I try to make all characters in this consent to the extent possible, and do not intend for any of this to be read as anything other than that.

2 - Zarya & Brigitte II

Sombra

Shadows were a tricky thing to keep track of, a fact that Sombra took great care in using. It was her name sake afterall. And a good shadow was able to move unseen without even alerting a fly. Or in this case, a 200 pound Russian soldier and her pair of sexual partners.

Sombra had found her in the bar downstairs, having traveled halfway across the world to accomplish her mission. It was supposed to be a simple bag and drag, spike the woman's beer without her ever seeing a thing, then tag her for a pickup after she left the bar. Simple, clean, and to the point. Plans never go that smoothly, especially when it comes to agents of Overwatch.

As soon as that German tank had walked into the bar, she knew he would be trouble. Now getting Zarya alone seemed almost impossible, doubled by the fact that she was now as close to him and that Brigitte woman as possible. So all she could do was wait, hiding in the corner of their room watching silently. Her camouflage would work for hours, so long as it wasn't damaged at all, but having to watch the hot fuck in front of her without any stimulation was almost torture.

Maybe I can have a little fun too, Sombra thought to herself, as she watched the smaller brunette woman climb onto Reinhardt's face. Reaching into her pants, she quietly pushed the leather aside, careful so that her movements didn't cause a ripple effect throughout her holographic camouflage. Biting her lip, she traced her finger tips straight to her clit, impatiently nagging that it be played with. Sombra was only too happy to oblige.

Looking over the scene before her, she quickly started to push her finger in a circular motion, using the tip to trace along her button. This mild form of foreplay had already gotten her soaked, so much so that she heard a small frizzle from the electronics in her pants. It seemed the cloak had a small glitch but it was nothing she had to be concerned with. Instead, she focused entirely on the three in bed.

Brigitte had just managed to free herself from the grip of Zarya's tits, only for the Russian to start playing with her cunt. Moving her hands in a rhythmic manner, Zarya used one to massage her own tit while the other caused Brigitte to squirm. Carefully, she balanced both task while also slowly riding up on the cock in her pussy. Her legs were spread over Rein's, her muscular thighs bent to provide her the proper angle to accommodate his rather impressive girth.

"This is going to be fun," the Russian purred, sending Sombra into another level of arousal. Her accent was thick and heavy, and carried with it the same harshness that the Russian language seemed to have. It was the kind of voice that lent itself naturally to be dominate, a controlling and authoritative twang that made Sombra want to instinctively obey.

"Mhmmmm," she moaned, trying desperately to remain unheard. Her fingers moved from her clit to her pussy, two of them already forcing their way deep inside of her. She curled them back as she pulled

them back out, rolling over her g spot as best as she could. Somehow, she was already close to cumming, the urge had built up quicker than she had expected. Yet she wanted to ride it out a bit longer, at least to see where else her unaware audience would go.

Brigitte, obviously being less experienced than her other two older partners, was left practically paralyzed by their touch. Her face was awash with red as her cheeks blushed, showing through the layer of grime on her face. And though she struggled to control herself, the sensations provided by Reinhardt's tongue and Zarya's fingers was proving too much, even Sombra could tell she was close to an orgasm herself.

Apparently, Zarya was made all too aware of this. "You must be naughty slut," she said, moving her hand up from Brigitte's cunt. Her mouth agape and her face flustered, the Swede could only stare empty eyed as Zarya moved her hand to Brigitte's neck wrapping around it tightly. "If you're ready to cum already, you are a most greedy whore."

Still holding Brigitte by the neck, Zarya lifted herself up slightly, before pushing herself back by just an inch. The movement was just enough for Rein's cock to fall out of her pussy, glistening with the mixture of his precum and hers. It seemed that his age did nothing to diminish his vitality, his dick was an impressive length and didn't waver in its rigidity.

Pulling her down, Zarya led Brigitte's head to Reinhardt's cock, swiftly moving her hand from the next to the back of Brigitte's head for leverage. She entwined her fingers and the brunette's straight hair, gripping her ponytail like a handle. Brigitte's hair seemed soft, and had a peculiar sheen that filled Sombra with jealousy. Jealousy that she wasn't the one able to pull her hair back instead.

As her head moved down, Brigitte was left with no choice but to open her mouth to accommodate the approaching member, lest it be left to poke her in the face. Quickly, her head was forced onto his meat, where it found itself slamming into the back of her throat. Immediately she started gagging, her inexperience proving no match for the man's size. The sounds of her sloppily gasping for air were just another turn on for Sombra, who was still furiously fingering herself to the entire scene.

Showing some mercy, Zarya pulled Brigitte back up, though stopped her just at the tip of Rein's cock. Sombra could see her large brown eyes gaze up at the Russian, an exasperated and longing look that was only compacted by her lips pursed on the tip of their shared cock.

"How does my pussy taste?" Zarya asked, grinning smugly at Brigitte.

Parting from the cock with a small kiss, Brigitte managed to clear her mouth long enough to answer. "So good," she exclaimed, barely able to say the words. Reinhardt was still underneath her, lapping away happily. He must have been exhausted by now, but his oral still managed to keep Brigitte shaking over his face.

"Good," Zarya exclaimed, releasing Brigitte and standing up off of the bed. "Reinhardt, I think its time we stop the foreplay."

The large German answered her with a grunt, before lifting himself and Brigitte up. The smaller woman let loose a startled yelp, before she fell from Reinhardt's body and grasp and fell onto the bed. Startled

as well, Sombra momentarily paused, and watched as Rein quickly got up and stood on the edge of the bed. Brigitte had fallen onto her stomach, her body running perpendicular to the bed itself, while her legs and rear were just barely on the edge that Reinhardt stood over.

Moving to the side, Zarya walked up to Rein and embraced him again, sharing an impassioned kiss right over Brigitte's toned ass. Their bodies intertwined momentarily, as both of them explored each other as much as they could, their hands and nails digging into the others back, as Zarya wrapped a leg around Rein's waist. It seemed like they were starting to inhale each other, their furious make out was becoming increasingly erratic. But, just as soon as they had started, they quickly pulled themselves away.

Grabbing Reinhardt's cock, Zarya led it to Brigitte's awaiting hole. She brushed it over her anus and pussy, letting the tip just barely stretch the entrances to both of her holes. And for a woman who was so otherwise dirty, Sombra was impressed that both holes were completely hairless and trimmed. Just another turn on for her to gawk over. It was just a shame she couldn't touch.

"So, which hole shall it be." Zarya purred, as Reinhardt leaned over Brigitte's body, arched and ready to enter upon Zarya's command. "Does the little kitty have a preference?"

Brigitte's legs crossed at her ankles, bending up at the knees between Reinhardt's own widened stance. She was obviously anxious, if her legs didn't give it away the desperate grip she held on the sheet did. Looking over her shoulder, Brigitte looked at the pair behind her with a bit lip and pleading eyes.

"Ass, please," she murmured, as if ashamed she had asked something so filthy. Yet not so ashamed that her arousal wasn't apparent.

"Hmph," Zarya grunted, pushing the cock in her hand down and letting him finally slide into her pussy. As soon as his meat had parted her wet folds, a surprised gasp escaped Brigitte's lips, as the girl was rocked forward on the bed.

"Oh, fuck," she moaned, her eyes closing and her grip growing stronger. With her legs so close together, her entire lower half was squeezed tight, enveloping the cock into her cunt like a starving whore.

Moving around the bed, Zarya placed herself in front of Brigitte, putting her hands on her hips in a confident and cocky manner. "He will fuck your ass, if you manage to make me cum," she said calmly, leaning over as she talked so that her tits dangled just in front of Brigitte's face. Standing up straight, Zarya stepped up onto the bed, sliding her legs across so that they surrounded Brigitte on opposite sides.

Leaning back, Zarya used one hand to elevate herself slightly, pushing against the bed to lift her waist up. With her other hand, she grabbed at Brigitte's head again and shoved her mouth onto Zarya's own crotch. She twerked her pussy against Brigitte's tongue, practically smothering her within the folds of her own cunt. The moans and screams of pleasure that vibrated through Brigitte's throat, only seemed to add to Zarya's own amusement, as each time Reinhardt slammed against the smaller woman, she would be pushed further into the Russian's grasp.

“Mmmmm, not bad for such a young one,” Zarya purred, a moan escaping her own voice. “You know how to play with a clit, that’s for sure. I’m almost impressed. There aren’t many women that can withstand Reinhardt’s charge so admirably.”

Curious as to what she meant, Sombra adjusted herself slightly, moving ever so closer to have a better view. She found that Reinhardt’s supposed charge was his powerful hip motion into Brigitte’s body. Everytime his thrust took him out of her, he would stop for the faintest of seconds, leaving just a quarter of his cock in her, before slamming back down before she had any time to react. It almost seemed like she was being crushed between the two muscular bodies, Brigitte’s own muscles seeming to strain under the stress.

“Ahhhhhhh, god,” Zarya moaned, leaning her head back and closing her eyes. “Fuck, yes make me cum you little whore.” As she spoke, her hips started to move faster, grinding harder against Brigitte’s mouth as the moment of climax approached. Sombra could tell that all of them were close, Brigitte especially. The Swedish girl looked like she was about to pass out, her eyes were rolled into the top of her head, and her legs were shaking violently. And though Sombra couldn’t hear her clearly, she was certain she was shouting how much she was cumming.

As if on her own command, Sombra too was reaching her peak. The high of fucking herself was starting to become a tad tiresome, and she was exhausted from holding back her own orgasm for so long. And as she watched Zarya’s cunt squirt all over Brigitte’s face, forcing the later to close her eyes, Sombra finally allowed herself the same pleasure, feeling a moment of weakness betray her. For as the walls of her cunt tightened around her own fingers, her mouth loosened just enough for a very audible moan to envelope the room.

To make matters worse, her camouflage, which before had made her completely invisible, had just given out as well, as if her voice somehow deactivated the device. Now she was clearly visible, a spanish woman with soaked pants and a hand still stuck in them. She could only feel her face redden with embarrassment, as the glare of a naked German poked itself out over Zarya’s head.

“Uh, hola.”

AN: I'm actually surprised this didn't receive a whole lot of views. Considering how popular overwatch is, I expected this to do better. But looking at some of the other stores, it doesn't appear I'm too far off from the overage. Most stories in this category didn't seem to get a whole lot of traffic. The exceptions being those writers with already built up followings. I am proud at the number of faves this thing got, which seems right in line with other stories from not so big authors.

If you enjoy, please do favorite this piece as it does go a long way. Guess I just need to advertise a bit better.